

The World

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THE UNIVERSAL "RAKE-OFF."

According to the Merchants' Association it has cost the city \$2,100,000 to pay \$8,440,000 for lands bought in the Croton watershed. In some cases only 40 per cent. of the sums contributed by the taxpayers went to the owners of the land. All the rest was absorbed by the Commissioners and lawyers.

The fire insurance companies have just exposed the system by which they have been compelled to give more to "public adjusters" of claims than they pay to the claimants themselves.

The Post-Office investigation has shown that for a "rake-off" of a few thousand dollars unfaithful officials have involved the Government in needless expenditures of millions.

Commissions are paid by dealers to all kinds of people who buy from others, from the cook who does the morning's marketing to the purchasing agent of a great corporation.

The Shipbuilding Trust has been killed and the Steel Trust crippled by "rake-offs" collected by financiers of overpowering respectability. These tolls have been levied on a scale so merciless that it reduces the gleanings of Jesse James to an insignificance that is simply humorous. In the case of the Steel Trust alone the ransom paid by the public reaches half the amount of the indemnity imposed by Germany upon conquered France.

Are we a nation of "graffers"? Why is it that it is so hard to work up the public to any really burning pitch of indignation against thieves in office? Can it be because of a general feeling that the prevailing standards out of office are not much better? The Supreme Court of Missouri has just turned loose the chief of the St. Louis bootleggers convicted by Mr. Folk. A Mayor of Philadelphia threw on the floor an offer to pay the city \$2,500,000 for a street railroad franchise and signed an ordinance giving the same franchise to his cronies for nothing. The people did not resent the theft of their property, and the ring that committed it is still in power.

In order to have real reform there must be real reformers. The leading citizen who pockets ten millions by watering the stock of a trust cannot turn a withering blast of indignation upon the policeman who takes \$5 for failing to see the open side door of a saloon.

THE PAMPERED TEACHER.

There is no distinction to be won by saying that school teachers are underpaid. In expressing that opinion you are merely going with the crowd. But Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt has found how to win a place that is all his own. He says that the teachers are overpaid—that \$600 a year is too much for a girl.

Six hundred dollars a year is \$50 a month. A fairly good seamstress can earn \$15 a week, or \$65 a month, and has her lunch thrown in. A good plain cook can earn \$25 a month without the need of paying anything for board, washing or carfare. At the end of the month she can have considerably more to put in the bank than the school teacher can.

But then the seamstress and the cook minister to the comfort of the grown-ups. There is nothing dependent upon the teacher, except the minds and the futures of the children.

RED LIGHTS AND MORALS.

It appears that we have been all wrong. The red lights that so disturbed us during the late campaign were not an effect, but a cause of vice. It is not that vicious people hang out red lights, but that red lights make vicious people. Prof. Scott, of Northwestern University, says so. He cites a case in which the employees of a photographic factory illuminated with red lights became so demoralized that a different color had to be used, when order was promptly restored. If the lights in the improper sections of cities were changed, says Prof. Scott, "doubtless there would be a change in the morals of the community."

The theory is plausible. The stage has shown us in "Faust" and "Dante" that the wicked residents of the lower world are steeped in a red glare. Readers of Mr. H. G. Wells know that the inhabitants of ruddy Mars are a bad lot. The reformed Tenderloin is going to try the experiment of becoming a "White Way." The degree of innocence it attains under the new mode of illumination will be a fair test of the truth of the Scott doctrine.

COLOMBIANS AND BOERS.

The London Telegraph imagines that it finds in the President's explanations of his Panama policy "an indirect justification of the British attitude toward the Boers."

Hardly. If the people of Johannesburg had seceded from the Transvaal and formed an independent republic, which had then been recognized and protected by Great Britain, there would have been a parallel to our proceedings at Panama.

Or if we had annexed Colombia, marched on Bogota, and trodden out every attempt of the Colombians to maintain an independent government in any part of their country we should have exactly matched the proceedings of the British in South Africa.

Courtesy in Politics.—In a speech at Paris Mr. Bryan dwells upon the importance of keeping political campaigns free from personalities. For instance, he would regard with extreme disapproval a French statesman twice defeated for the Presidency of the Republic who should refer to another statesman, twice elected to the same position, as a "bunco-steerer."

Financial Oversight.—The Fraser Mountain Copper Company, capital \$1,000,000 and debts \$107,000, has gone into the hands of a receiver, and \$7 has been found in the treasury. The promoters of this corporation were evidently new hands at the business. With a little more experience in high finance they would not have let that \$7 get away.

Were Promoted Boys.—A new Burlington Arcade to beguile the fops of passengers from the great Pennsylvania station to the Thirty-fourth street crosstown cars, and a New York Central distributing station to deflect Hudson River commuters from the overcrowded Grand Central train, are among the latest of the promised improvements that make us wonder how life in little old New York has been so endurable hitherto.

SASSY SUE--By the Creator of "Sunny Jim."

SHE ASKS A POLICEMAN.



"Constable," said Sassy Sue
To a stalwart form in blue,

"Have you seen Miss Sally Brown?
She's took lodgin's in this town."

"Foolish House?—Don't get so funny,
Your maw orter lick you, sonny!"
Minnie Maud Hanff.

The Girl With No Sense Of Humor.

By
Nixola Greeley-Smith
(Granddaughter of Horace Greeley).

SEE is a good little girl, all the better perhaps for having no sense of humor. And she is dignified—oh, so dignified!—as a result. She is also very prudent and never gets herself talked about. For she never does just for fun any of the hundred and one essentially harmless things that tempt a lively girl to startle Mrs. Grundy.

Yet Mrs. Grundy, who is rather a wise old person, keeps an eye on her just the same. For she knows that a sense of humor at the right moment—say the wrong one, for that matter—has as many souls to its credit as the most successful revivalist.

The girl with no sense of humor strikes you as dull, perhaps, until you have come to realize that she has rare talent for the commonplace, a positive genius for respectability.

If you ask her to go to the theatre she begs you to be quite sure that the play is—"well, you know—nice!" and after you have racked your brain and your friends to discover some milk-and-water production that supplies only baby food for thought, she greets your selection rather doubtfully, and says that she would really prefer to go to something Shakespearean.

For, strangely enough, Shakespeare, most human and broad-minded of dramatists, has come to be regarded as proper for the young person to hear upon the stage.

When you talk to her you are never quite at your ease. For, even though you are an ordinary choice in your speech, you feel that you must in her presence put an additional brake on your thoughts and, another bride on your speech.

For she takes offense very easily and has the exasperating habit of always wanting to know what you mean by this and that—something that you don't always want to know yourself.

The girl with no sense of humor falls in love readily. For men never seem funny to her.

And when they are not funny they are dangerous.

As a sweetheart she is very exacting. She does not understand the lighter side of love and always wants to be made love to in deadly earnest.

You do not love her unless you tell her so every five minutes, and even that is not convincing unless accompanied by such a succession of kisses and embraces as to make you feel as much of a department store demonstrator.

As a wife she is equally unaccommodating. She is jealous and positively too stupid to appreciate a good excuse when a man has puzzled his wits all the way up to the point of it.

Indeed, sometimes she doesn't even seem to know it is a new one.

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

LESE MAJESTY.

The two bearded monarchs met and kissed each other.
"Well," observed the feline quadruped that had witnessed the performance of a safe distance, "I believe I would rather be a cat and have merely my historic privilege of looking at a king."
—Chicago Tribune.

SHORT LIVED.

Patience—He wrote a song he thought was good to live.
Patience—And did it?
Patience—Oh, the first person he heard sing it murdered it.—Yonkers Statesman.

A REMINDER.

"Look at that man with the high hat and sack coat."
"Yes. By the way that reminds me that I've got to get some castor oil."
"Well, say, how does that remind of castor oil?"
"Oh, just the bad taste of it."—Philadelphia Press.

DIPLOMATIC FINISH.

"My dear," said the young husband, "you remind me of an elephant."
"Brute!" exclaimed the newly made bride, who was a trifle sensitive on the question of avoirdupois.
"Because an elephant is terribly afraid of mice," calmly concluded the financial head of the matrimonial trust.
—Chicago Daily News.

The Important Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

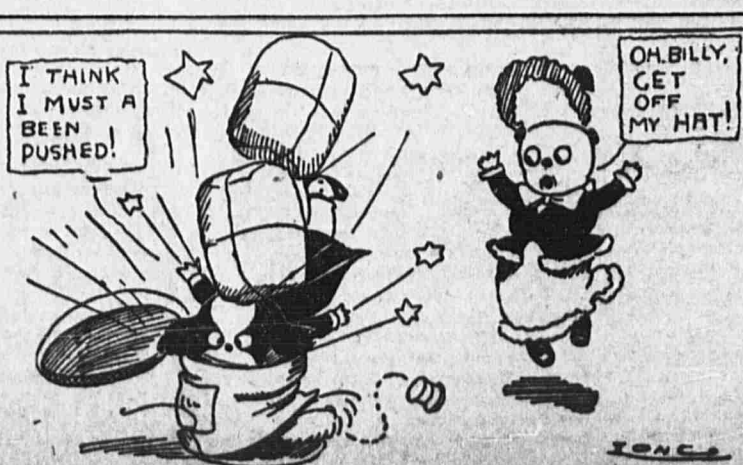
He Discourses Magniloquently on the President's Message—but, Alas! He Hasn't Read It.



The Peewee prize headline and what happened to Mr. Peewee over it, in Saturday's Evening World.

Billy Bowwow and Polly Puggdoodle.

A Shopping Tour in Which There Were Too Many Big Bundles.



The "Sunny Jim" Girl



MISS MINNY MAUD HANFF.

The author, with Miss Dorothy Ficken, of the "Sunny Jim" and other comic series. Also creator of "Sassy Sue," the new Evening World fun feature.

The Man Higher Up.

Depew's Standard of Prosperity.

"SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that Chauncey Depew told John D. Rockefeller's Sunday-school class at the dollar dinner that honesty is an acquired habit."

"Chauncey always was a kiddier," responded the Man Higher Up. "He may have convinced the young men who coughed up a bone apiece for a dinner in honor of the richest young man in America that you can frame up an appetite for honesty the same as you do an appetite for olives or caviar, but he'll have to show people who got theirs in a catch-as-catch-can hold with adversity."

"A man can no more acquire the habit of honesty than he can acquire a new liver, but a man born honest can acquire dishonesty if he gets touted right. I have heard of crooks reforming, but I never saw a real crook reformed. Whenever you see a thief who has cut out crime you will find that he has done it because there is more in it for him, so he is dishonest even in his alleged honesty."

"Whenever you find a distinguished millionaire passing out valuable advice to young men you will find that the burden of his advice is, 'be honest' and 'work hard.' You will also find the millionaire telling the young men that money isn't everything. For instance, Senator Depew told the Rockefeller dollar diners that 'a modest competency is success.'"

"Supposing the amiable and gifted Senator had stopped when he had a 'modest competency.' Supposing he had said to himself that as long as he owned his own home and was assured of chicken on Sunday he would throw his hand into the discard and get cold feet with what he had. He wouldn't have been a millionaire and a United States Senator to-day. He didn't take his ball out of the game when he got to be independent, and he isn't too old to take a flying tackle at a chance to accumulate more."

"Why do millionaires always tell young men to work hard and be content with the small end? You can search me. Maybe it's because they are jealous. Possibly it is because a self-made millionaire believes that nobody else is as wise as he, and he wants to spare growing youths the pain of failure."

"Senator Depew told his audience that out of 80,000,000 people in this country 100,000 are millionaires, and that it is supreme folly to try to rival great fortunes. How did these 100,000 millionaires get their money? Did they all play honesty North, East, South and West? Not on your Christmas expectations. To tell young men that it is foolish to try to get millions and to tell them in the next breath that they must be strictly honest is logical, whatever else can be said for it. The young man who pays good money to absorb that kind of logic wears a sawdust bin under his hat."

"It was nice of Mr. Rockefeller to give his Sunday-school class a dinner," suggested the Cigar Store Man. "Sure it was," agreed the Man Higher Up; "and it was noble in him to make them feel independent by soaking them a plunk apiece for it, without wine or cigars. Here's Andrew Carnegie giving a dinner at his house to a lot of steel millionaires the other night, and it didn't cost them a cent."

Habituals.

Great Britain is to have a habitual criminal law resembling those of some of our States. According to the Daily Mail the plan now under consideration is that of an industrial penal settlement for the special benefit of such "habituals," where special efforts would be made to reform them and opportunity given them of regaining their liberty by industry and good conduct, but only on probation.